THE

SUPPRESSED LETTER

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE CANNING,

PRINTED VERBATIM FROM

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Third Edition.

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Fairburn's Genuine Edition

OF THE

SUPPRESSED LETTER

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE CANNING,

(Printed *verbatim* from the Original Copy.)

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

MR. CANNING'S LETTER

TO THE AUTHOR;

THE AUTHOR'S REPLY,

&c. &c.

"Let the galled jade wince!"—SHAKESPEARE.

"You are a LIAR, and a SLANDERER, and want courage only to be an ASSASSIN." CANNING.

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1818.

THE

SUPPRESSED LETTER,

&c. &c.

SIR,

I SHALL address you without ceremony, for you are deserving of none. There is nothing in your station, in your abilities, or in your character, which entitles you to respect. The first is generally the reward of political, and frequently of private crime. Your talents, such as they are, you have abused; and as for your character, I know not an individual of any party, or in any class of society, who does not consider the defence of it a paradox too outrageous and untenable even for the profligate indifference of these candid, complying times. Between the shrugs and smiles of your associates, and the frowns of your honest countrymen, you fall to the ground. Low as public principle has sunk, *you* are still justly appreciated; and no one is deceived by qualities, which, even in their happiest exertion, are not calculated or employed to conciliate his esteem.

Think you, that the good-natured greedy spectators, who suffered themselves to be tickled by the tricks, were seduced into one emotion of regard for the person of their mountebank? Not a jot; though that mountebank was a Minister. It was not, I confess, sufficiently present to their reflections, that the same grimaces had been employed to distract their attention while the confederate thieves were picking their pockets; nor did they appear to understand that the same exhibition was now played off to cheat them of more than their pecuniary property: but you were still not forgotten for a moment; your jingling, and chattering, and balancing, were all inimitably performed, and admirably becoming; perhaps some of the younger senators, transported by low ambition, envied one instant, your cap and bells; but neither young nor old envied yourself. In plain words, there was not a member in the House, not a stranger, not a clerk, or door-keeper, who had a higher opinion of you after than before your speech, or felt more inclined to change characters with Mr. George Canning; not one,

It is, however, to the eternal discredit of that assembly, that you were not, by so shameless a display of your immodest parts, by capers which discovered your hideous nakedness, plunged below the depths of your former disgrace.

The adventurer who meditated apostacy in his tender years, and whose virtue melted away, almost before puberty, under the first seductive palm, might, by the advantages of an elevation, however unmerited, and by the external decency of subsequent life, have preserved a tolerable respectability, a character equivocal perhaps, but not altogether abandoned, and such as the convenient morality of the day might regard without unqualified disdain. But it is not to be expected, that the unredeemed profligate,—one who cannot boast that his course, even of vice, has been steady, since he has

"Obliquely waddled to his end in view;"

one whose recorded treacheries had disqualified him for all trust, until his meanness had reduced him to impotence, and made his alliance no longer dangerous,—one who has shewn himself insensible alike to the reproaches of opponents insulted, and the remonstrance of friends betrayed, and has slid downwards, through paths more dirty and devious than were ever yet tried by selfishness, dropping from power to pension, and from pension to less profitable place, with all the tranquillity and more than the boldness of virtue,—it is not, I say, Sir, to be expected, that such a shameles unredeemed adventurer should be allowed more than the mere privilege of existence, in a country where the public good is still, at least, the pretext of all political conduct. If such a person is allowed to enjoy, unmolested, his ill-gotten gains, we exclaim, that all honest indignation is dead, and our patriots are slumbering at their post. What, then, must we think of our condition; what must we think of ourselves, when we find this delinquent, not only clamorous but insolent; not only insolent, but, instead of the passive unobtrusive air of convicted imposture, assuming in the face of the Legislative Assembly who knows him, and of the whole nation who despises him, the tone, not of innocence, but of accusation!!! To what a state of degradation are we sunk, when a criminal becomes a plaintiff, and when a man, for whose presence it is necessary to make an apology in any liberal society, dares to insult the sufferings of the oppressed, to

arraign the motives of men of unsullied reputation!! And how much more must we bewail our condition, when we find such an atrocious outrage of all common decency, not only borne, but actually applauded, by those who are entrusted with our liberties and our lives. You are yourself aware, Sir, that in no other assembly in England would you have been allowed to proceed, for an instant, in so gross a violation of all the decencies of life, as was hazarded by that speech, which found a patient, a pleased audience in the House of Commons. There must be in that body, composed, as it undoubtedly is, of men who in the private relations of life may be distinguished for many good qualities, there must be an habitual disregard of decency, a contempt of public principle, an absurd confidence that, either individually or in mass, they are protected from the censures of their fellow citizens, and absolved from the rules of common life. Were it not for such a groundless persuasion, there is not a gentleman (for such a being is not quite extinct in Parliament) who would not have thought himself compromised by listening to your insolent attacks upon the national character, and to a flashy declamation, which, from beginning to end, supposed an audience devoid of all taste, judgment, spirit, and humanity.

I am at a loss, Sir, to account for the effrontery even of your colleagues in office, who share with you the public hatred, though they are far from being fair competitors for the contempt which is consummately your own. Those worthy persons must have had some motive deeper than their usual superficial designs, for entrusting their defence to such "hangman's hands." Were they afraid of your partially redeeming your character by silence? Were they resolved, that if you were yet not enough known, some decisive overt act should reduce you below the ministerial level? Did they suspect, that you were again willing to rebel or to betray? How was it, that you were selected for the odious task of justifying the only vigorous measures of the imbecile Sidmouth, directed against the aged, the infirm, the powerless of his own countrymen? How was it, that you were required to emerge from your suspected silence, in behalf of him whom you had first insulted by the offer of your alliance, then by your vulgar hostility, and, lastly, by the accepted tender of an insidious reconciliation?

You know, Sir, and the world should know, that when

your seducer, Pitt, was tired of you, you offered yourself to this silly, vain man, who thought your keeping too dear at the proposed price, and accordingly declined the bargain.

You know, and the world may remember, the immediate consequence of this slight of proffered iniquity. Your lampoons in parliament, your speeches in the papers (I forget where they fell, but whether in one or the other they were equally *unprepared* and opportune); these, and other assaults mainfully directed against those whose forbearance was the sole protection of your insolence, can hardly have slipped through the meshes of the ill-woven memories of your colleagues. Perhaps, then, it was intended to reduce you to irretrievable humiliation, and to fit you for the lowest agency, by making you the loudest encomiast of the most undefensible measure of him whom you have vilified as "the most incapable of all Ministers, the most inept of all Statesmen."

You had before given this satisfactory pledge to the other of your colleagues, who might have borne your abuse, but did not choose to bear your treachery; and shewed himself, accordingly, more tender of his own honour than he has been of that of his country. You have kissed the hand that chastised you, and have lost but few opportunities of testifying your feigned repentance to him who commands you from that eminence which you were adjudged incapable to occupy, even so as to save the few appearances required from ministerial manners.

Your submission to Lord Castlereagh, tricked out, as he appears, in those decorations of fortune, which might well deceive a vulgar eye, was not surprising; it was the natural deference of meanness to success. But it was not expected, even from your condescension, that the butt of his party, the agent of that department which had, even in these times of peace, with infinite address, contrived to make the executive administration not only hateful but ridiculous; that the very minister who had no character for talents should be defended by him who had no character for honesty.

It is not my purpose with you, Sir, to refute your arguments in defence of the late iniquitous agents employed in destroying the little confidence and mutual good-will which might still have subsisted between the governors and the governed of this distracted country. In spite of the sophistry which such an attempt was sure to bring

into play, and which shook, no doubt, the timid minds of many of our poor alarmists; in spite of the general spirit of acquiescence, and the panic terror which makes the pretended preservation of peace and order the surest snare of the well-meaning, selfish politician; there was still enough of common sense left amongst the members of the House of Commons to expose so rude a violation of the constitution, and to lay bare the fallacies which were employed to excuse the past, and to prepare for future infractions of British freedom. Your reply to those who spoke the language of their constituents, of all unprejudiced Englishmen, of human nature itself, and who stepped forward to rescue the Parliament from indelible disgrace, was such as is seldom hiccuped up from the drunken triumph of ministerial majorities. I give you full credit for the foul words which you dared to apply to an honourable young man, whose instinctive sense of right far surpasses your vain, vicious experience, and shewed him the naked iniquity of your proposed indemnities in behalf of the only traitors to be found in England, of the vile agents of a weak, suspicious administration. The envy of reputation which you have lost, and of talents more graceful and essential than your own flimsy, tinsel trappings, was certain to secure your especial hostility. The antipathy of bad to good naturally inflamed you into fury against the interposition of Mr. Lambton; and, to confess a disgraceful truth, you found many enough amongst your compeers willing to join you in the shameless outcry. A young man, placed by his fortune, as well as by his honest propensities, beyond the reach of corruption, at the outset of a courageous, though forlorn career, which threatens a protracted defence of the tottering fabric of English freedom, is a monster in the eyes of the base, the vain, the timid, who readily conspire to remove such a standing reproach of their venality, their folly, and their fear. I do not wonder that the menials around you felt themselves elevated by the momentary depression of virtue: but I do wonder that the forms, even of the House of Commons, admitting as they do of language current only amongst the lowest and most depraved classes of society, should have been infringed upon so grossly without a word from him who is appointed to regulate the jargon of that ill-polished assembly.

The paltry subterfuge, hesitated between regretted insolence and forced retraction, the hand obtruded upon

the object of your insult at the close of the debate, but, more than all, the rudeness of the assault (the usual prelude of all your political amours) might well make that gentleman suspect that he was menaced by your future intimacy. Some such apprehension, and the clamours of your party, may have prevented him or his friends from remarking the curious felicity with which, of all the indiscretions of the opposing party, you chose to select credulity as the prominent feature. What, Sir! one of the present cabinet dare to accuse any individual of too *much faith* in common rumour or in proffered information? A member of that cabinet, whose belief in the idle, malicious falsehoods of spies, pimps, bullies, and all the abandoned, broken characters whom their promises allured into perjury, has been proved by the verdict of juries; has been recorded in the courts; has been the object of general indignation; and, after having been the cause and excuse of a wanton attack on our liberties, has been judged by that cabinet itself so little qualified for examination, that their Parliament has been instructed to indemnify the rogues who told the lies, and the fools who believed them. What! an apologist for the gulled, the gaping Sidmouth, to deprecate the indiscriminating reception of tales and tale-bearers! a defender of him who put his trust in Castles; who employed Oliver; and who, on the faith of atrocious fabrications, of which he was alike the encourager and the dupe, has persecuted and imprisoned, has fettered and fractured, and would have put to death, his fellow-countrymen, even to decimation. You tell us, you should have thought yourself "*a dolt and ideot*" to have listened for a moment to complaints against an agent of the home department, a runner of Bow-street, a gaoler's turnkey, or a secretary's secretary.

Mighty well, Sir! but let a runaway from the hulks, a convicted felon, tell you, that a bankrupt apothecary, a broken down farmer, and a cobler, are the centre of a widely spread conspiracy; have formed and partially executed a plan for raising the kingdom, and for taking the Tower of London; have provided arms; have published manifestoes; let the same respectable evidence impeach the loyalty of the nobles and gentry in some districts, and of the lower classes in all; let this single felon assert that he is honest, and the majority of his countrymen are rogues; you do not think yourself a dolt and ideot—you do not think Lord Sidmouth a dolt and ideot, for proceeding,

chiefly upon such information, to hang, draw, and quarter the first individuals designated by this credible witness. But whatever you or your colleagues thought, the jury did think the secretary of the home department a dolt and ideot, and shewed their opinion by their verdict. It is of no moment to me, Sir, when or why you may please to think yourself a "dolt and ideot" (for I will harp upon this House of Commons' phrase); but I will take leave to observe, that there is this difference between the credulity of such men as Mr. Lambton, and of such ministers as you and your colleagues—the former may interpose to save, but the consequence of the latter must be to destroy. The *worst* evil that can possibly arise from the former is the exculpation of yourself and your hateful fraternity, from some unfounded charge (an exculpation which I own to be productive of mischievous results); but the *least* evil that can be produced by the credulity of the Head of the Police, is the suspension of our liberties,—is the imprisonment, the ruin, the torture, of our innocent fellow-subjects,—is the present diffusion of suspicion and terror and treachery, and the establishment of wicked precedents, which accustom the people to extraordinary acts of government, and must finally be fatal to the constitution. When next, therefore, you indulge your legislative audience with the hypothesis of your doltship and idiotcy, do not found that improbability of so extreme a case upon your prudent scepticism and discouragement of all informers. The Suspension Bill has been suspended, but the asses' mouths of the home office are as open as ever to any charge, provided only that it be to the discredit and destruction of some suspected, that is, some independent, member of the community.

It is not, I have before told you, my object to refute your detestable doctrines; whatever was tangible, whichever of those doctrines had any real existence (for the greater part of your arguments were but the phantoms of folly and insolence), had been handled and disposed of before you arranged them in the hues of your own florid eloquence, and, by appropriating these principles to yourself, consigned them to eternal infamy. Nor shall I undertake the ungrateful labour of following you through all your flippancies; nor blow away the superficial froth, to arrive at the vile, vapid liquor beneath. It is sufficient for my purpose to tell you, that the general tone of your discourse was such as would have disgraced the defence of virtue, and was intolerable in the apologist and de-

fender of depravity; and such as will not be borne as long as this people have it in their power to controul, in any way, the conduct of their presumed representatives. Had your pleasantries been as polite as they were rustic, had they been as humane as they were atrocious, they would still have been misapplied in a discussion professedly treating of the fundamental interests of your country, and, even in your own view of the question, of delinquencies arising confessedly from the distresses of your fellow-subjects. That you should brand with the names of "rebel and traitor" those whom you have been unable to prove rebellious and traitorous, is but in the ordinary course of official perseverance and incorrigible folly; but that you should presume to assail those unfortunate individuals, the victims of your own recorded credulity, by making a mockery of old age, and of the natural infirmities which have been occasioned by your own injustice!! Such an outrage upon your audience—how is that to be accounted for? *The revered and ruptured Ogden!!!* And this mad, this monstrous sally, was applauded—was received with roars of laughter! and if there was a confession from some more candid lips, that such allusions were not "quite in good taste," an excuse was drawn from the *warmth* of the debate; clear as it was, to those accustomed to your patchwork, that the stupid alliteration was one of the ill-tempered weapons coolly selected from your oratorical armoury.

Certainly, Sir, you found the legislative assembly more tractable than your Sovereign, who has, more than once, repulsed your rude familiarity. His Majesty, were he now on the throne, would recognize the frontless upstart who placed the hand of his Sovereign upon the seat of the wound which had been inflicted upon him as the reward of his duplicity; and of him who had referred him to a brother minister with the indecent freedom of equal intimacy. When, Sir, you *placed the King's hand upon your thigh*, when you told him you *would send to Pembroke*, you gave rise to a resentment, such as would have affected your honest interests, whilst the throne of England was filled by a gentleman. But, I presume, the silent rebuke of offended majesty was not sharp enough to be felt by the coarseness of your texture; for the insult offered to those who should be the representatives of the people, and to the people themselves, is equally rude and familiar, and is ten times more overbearing, in every respect, than that which before offended your Sovereign.

You have never, Sir, before found a body of your countrymen so patient, so lost to all sense of shame, as your fellow-members of the House of Commons. Even the underlings of the Foreign Office broke into murmurs at your unusual arrogance. The little knot of dependents, who were willing to make common stock, and carry themselves to market with you, have become ashamed of the trifling oscillating buffoon, whom they mistook for the head of a party, and who accepted the first and lowest vacancy that could replace him in the precincts of power. Even the miserable chuckfarthing, Ward, who has learnt from you how to run riot on his own roguery, owns, that he hesitates between the disgrace of "serving without wages, and of being dismissed without a character."

In the House of Commons alone you find yourself taken on your word, with no inquiries made; and when you display the whole deformity of a heart devoid of all just, and generous, and gentlemanly feeling; and when you shew, by arts untried before, not only how despicable you are yourself, but how you despise all around you, you are not hissed to the ground, as you would infallibly have been, had you ventured at such topics before a popular assembly; you are heard, you are encouraged, you are cheered; your inhuman taunts on the irons and the infirmities of those who demand reparation for the injuries they have endured from a bloody police; your ridicule of the prisoner and the oppressed, are received *with shouts of laughter,—with loud shouts of laughter!!!*

Go on, Sir, I pray you; proceed with your pleasantries; light up the dungeon with the flashes of your merriment; make us familiar, make us pleased with the anguish of the captive; teach us how to look upon torture and tyranny as agreeable trifles; let whips and manacles become the playthings of Parliament; let patriotism and principle be preserved only as vain names, the materials of a jest; and as you have disturbed the bed of sickness with your unhallowed mirth, hasten, with appropriate mockery, the long foretold approaching *Euthanasia* of the expiring Constitution.

But confine your efforts to that assembly where they have been so favourably, so thankfully received. You will find no other hearers. You are nothing but on that stage. The clerks, the candles, the heated atmosphere, the mummeries and decorations, the trained, packed, paper audience, confused, belated, and jaded into an

appetite for the grossest stimulants; these are the preparations indispensable to your exhibition.

Thank Heaven, however, the House of Commons is not the only tribunal; and it is possible that, in spite of your extraordinary progress and probable success, there may still be, in this country, a body of men, now dispersed, but whom their common interests will one day collect and unite, for the defence of their rights and the punishment of their oppressors.

Believe me, Sir, not an echo of those shouts of laughter, which hailed your jests upon rebellious old age and traitorous disease, not an echo has been lost in the wide circumference of the British islands. Those shouts still ring in our ears; they will never die away, until we are finally extirpated by your triumph, or you are annihilated by our indignation. Do not flatter yourself, that, by securing the connivance of Parliament, you are safe from all national censure. Parliament does not represent the feelings, any more than the interests, of the British nation. It would be an insult to this great, this glorious people, to suppose that their representatives were sent to the House of Commons to encourage the playful ferocity of a hardened politician. The nobler portion of the nation are certainly not members of either House: the bettter educated, the more enlightened, and the more wealthy, at least the more independent, are to be found without the walls of Parliament. You are (and what dishonest man is not?) an enemy to reform. But you shall be told, Sir, that the extreme necessity of Reform, and of choosing our representatives from some other classes of society, was never so decidedly shewn as in the reception of your speech. If Mr. Canning was, on a former occasion*, applauded for saying, that the constitution of that assembly could not be bad, which "*worked so well in practice*" as to admit of the selection of such men as Mr. Windham and Mr. Horner, I am sure it is to be allowed me to say, that the assembly can have no feelings or opinions, in common with the rest of their countrymen, which would receive, with shouts of approving laughter, such a speech as this of Mr. Canning.

Your practice, Sir, *may work well* in the House of Commons; but are we to become accomplices in the crime of acquiescence in such riotous, wanton ribaldry?

* See Motion for a new Writ for the borough of St. Mawes, in the room of Francis Horner, Esq. deceased.

God forbid! Your impunity will be our reproach; let me therefore record the judgment of one who shall be heard, since he speaks the sentiment of your countrymen. You cannot be far from the close of your career; for either we shall be so lost that all your farther efforts will be superfluous, or you will be so resisted as to disable you for ever at once for all noxious exertion. This, then, may be the time for summing up the evidence, furnished by the unbiassed, uncontradictory witnesses of your life; and for enabling your countrymen to pass the verdict. Your current is muddy, even at the spring, and runs clear in no part of its winding, babbling course. Let him speak who ever knew you in possession of any respectable reputation. The rag you stole from Mr. Sheridan's mantle was always too scanty to cover your nakedness: like all mimics, you caught only the meaner characteristics of your archetype; oratorical, not orator; poetaster, not poet; witling, not wit. You were never the first or best in any one line of action. You might not have been altogether inept or slow in playing second parts; but on no one occasion have you ever evinced that integrity, either of principle or capacity, which the lowest amongst us are accustomed to require from the pretenders to excellence. Your spirit was rebuked in presence of those accomplished persons whom the followers of all parties recognized as beings of a higher order, and were willing to yield even more deference than their unambitious merit required. The chances of survivorship have left you a great man in these days of little men; but you keep true to the epic rule; you end as you began: power has conferred upon you no dignity; elevation has not made your posture more erect. The decency of your character consists in its entire conformity to the original conception formed of you in early life. It has borrowed nothing from station, nothing from experience. It becomes you, and would disgrace any other man. Mean and trifling as you are, it is not, however to be overlooked, that you have the power of mischief. You belong to a class of men who have been adjudged most pernicious in a state. Amongst your other school-boy acquisitions, you read Latin, Sir; let me quote to you a sentence of one who knew how to write it, and who was, perhaps, as capable of appreciating the merit of a timely joke as Mr. Canning. It is my Lord Bacon, who, commenting upon the aphorism of Solomon, "*Homines derisores civitatem perdunt,*" has these words:—

" *Mirum videri possit, quod in descriptione hominum, qui ad respublicas labefactandas et perdendas veluti natura comparati et facti sunt, delegerit Saloman characterem, non hominis superbi et insolentis; non tyrannici et crudelis; non temerarii et violenti: non impii et scelerati; non injusti et oppressoris; non seditiosi et turbulenti; non libidinosi et voluptuarii non denique insipientis et inhabilis; sed* derisoris. *Verum hoc sapientia ejus Regis, qui rerum publicarum conservationes et eversiones optime norat, dignissimum est. Neque enim similis fere est pestis regnis et rebus-publicis quam si Consiliarii Regum, aut Senatores, quique gubernaculis rerum admovetur, sint ingenio derisores.* *"

You see then, Sir, that we have not quite so much to fear from your colleagues as from yourself. Look in this glass, and you will start back at your frightful image. And yet this great man would have thought this " plague" still more deadly, could he have divined to what lengths a future statesman, and senator, and minister of England, would dare to push this pernicious mockery.

Such an unqualified attempt, not to vindicate, but to make light of acts of tyranny and cruelty, would, in an assembly of free Rome, have been answered with a dagger. When the Republic was overthrown, the most odious and frantic of the Emperors did, indeed, amuse himself in your way, Sir, and indulged his turn for talking and trifling by declamatory defences and accusations of culprits in presence of his slavish Senate. Between your apologies for Oliver and your other coadjutors in office, and your invectives against your state prisoners, you complete the parallel. Or, if you are displeased with Caligula, you may prefer a rivalry with the other Cæsar, who, directing the punishment of some old men, told the executioner to number them out *from bald head to bald head.*

* " Scornful men bring a city into a snare.

" It may appear strange, that in describing those who are, as it were, fashioned by nature, and made for the ruin of a state, Solomon should have selected, not the proud and the insolent, not the tyrannical and the cruel, not the rash and the violent, not the impious and the wicked, not the unjust and the oppressor, not the seditious and the turbulent, not the lustful and the voluptuary, and, lastly, not the unwise and the incapable,—but the man given to *mockery.* And yet this judgment is very worthy of the wisdom of that King, who knew so well all that contributes to the preservation and the overthrow of states: for there is no greater pestilence in a monarchy or a commonwealth, than when the counsellors of the King, or the members of the Senate, and those entrusted with the direction of affairs, are by nature *given to mockery."—De Aug. Sci.* lib. viii. cap. 2.

You see, Sir, that you are not quite original, even in your facetious assaults upon old age. You said something, I observe, about the misapplication of popular complaints to the present state of the country; and you used the remarkable allusion, that they were not less out of time and place than it would have been to discourse about Tarquin and Brutus in the days of Imperial Rome. I shall overlook the pleasant comparison between the present state of England and that of Rome after she had lost her liberties: I suppose this, too, is one of your jokes, though I do not see the accustomary "*loud laugh*," that accompanies your waggeries, But I will tell you, that you are no less ignorant than impertinent, in adopting this illustration. The Romans, after the triumph of tyranny, did find it very much to the purpose to recur to the example of their patriots, and, "more than two hundred years after the establishment of the Imperial Government, the character of the younger Brutus was studied as the perfect idea of Roman virtue." They still read Cicero; they still admired that noble sentiment, which taught them that "the most truly graceful, the most beneficial, the most glorious boast-worthy act of an honest citizen, was *to slay a tyrant.**

They did more; they aspired sometimes to imitate their glorious tyrannicides; and, notwithstanding the fear of anarchy, which was carefully instilled into the subjects of the empire, and was in fact the origin of their servitude, their despots found that there was still some limit to their intemperate trifling with the rights and feelings of human nature.

You may not yet have forgotten, that the historian tells us, that the Romans might perhaps have borne the cruelty of Nero, but were driven into revolt at last against his *buffoonery*. As for the declaimer Caligula, a brutal joke, too frequently tried, cost him his life.

Hampden was no assassin; but what think you he would have said to a minister of Charles I.? "You are not protected by your personal insignificance: the power, almost absolute, which has been and may again be placed in your hands, may make you a respectable victim; and be assured, Sir, that if I should ever be a prisoner of state, and, after being maimed by your gaolers, should be assaulted by your jokes, I will put you to death with the same deliberation as I now give you this timely warning.

* "Quam sit re pulchrum, beneficio gratum, famâ gloriosum, tyrannum occidere."

This is no idle, although it is only a defensive, menace; nor is the resolution confined to one individual:

"Idem Trecenti juravimus."

YOUR COUNTRYMAN.

MR. CANNING'S LETTER TO THE AUTHOR.

Gloucester Lodge, April 10, 1818.

SIR,—I received early in the last week the Copy of your Pamphlet, which you (I take for granted) had the attention to send to me.

Soon after I was informed, on the authority of your Publisher, that you had withdrawn the whole impression from him, with the view (as was supposed) of suppressing the publication.

I since learn, however, that the Pamphlet, though not sold, is circulated under blank covers.

I learn this from (among others) the Gentleman to whom the Pamphlet has been industriously attributed, but who has voluntarily and absolutely denied to me, that he has any knowledge of it or its author.

To you, Sir, whoever you may be, I address myself thus directly, for the purpose of expressing to you my opinion, that

You a e a Liar and a Slanderer, and want courage only to be an Assassin.

I have only to add, that no man knows of my writing to you; that I shall maintain the same reserve so long as I have an expectation of hearing from you in your own name; and that I shall not give up that expectation till to-morrow (Saturday) night.

The same address which brought me your Pamphlet will bring any letter safe to my hands.—I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

(Signed) GEO. CANNING.

(Mr. Ridgway is requested to forward this letter to its destination.)

LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—You are requested to insert in your paper the Reply of the Right Hon. George Canning to my public remonstrance with that Gentleman on the insult he lately dared to offer to the People of England.

I am agreeably disappointed. After ten days deliberation, he acknowledges the tribunal, and has determined to plead.

Whilst his Judges are deciding on the merits of his defence, it shall be my care to provide the Gentleman with another opportunity of displaying his taste and talents in the protection of his character.

In the mean time, whilst Mr. Lambton is a "Dolt and an Ideot," I am content to be a "Liar and a Slanderer and an Assassin," according to the same inimitable Master of the Vulgar Tongue.—I am, Sir, your obedient Servant.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LETTER TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

Several mutilated editions of the preceding Letters having been given to the public, we have presented our readers with a correct copy; with which Mr. Canning cannot possibly be offended, since he asserts the writer to be a liar, a slanderer, and an assassin!—Let the public judge between them.

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